

THE CAP.

A SATIRIC POEM.

INCLUDING MOST OF THE DRAMATIC WRITERS

OF THE
PRESENT DAY.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

With Notes, illustrative of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE	DUKE OF YORK.
Lord MULGRAVE,	Mr. BERRINGTON,
Doct ^r MOORE,	Mr. PYE,
Mr. CUMBERLAND,	Mr. WATSON,
Mr. RICHARDSON,	Mr. MURPHY.
Mr. JEPHSON,	Mr. M. P. ANDREWS,
Mr. GREATHEAD.	Mr. HOARE,
Lady WALLACE,	Mr. TOPHAM,
Mrs. PIOZZI,	Mr. DIBDIN,
Miss BURNEY,	Mr. HURLSTONE,
Mrs. GOOCH,	Mr. H. BATE DUDLEY,
Mrs. INCHBALD,	Mr. J. TAYLOR,
Mrs. COWLEY,	Mr. WOODFALL,
Miss HUGHES,	Mr. LITCHFIELD,
Mrs. ROBINSON,	Rev. Mr. ROSE,
Lord MOUNTMORRES,	Mr. STEWART,
Mr. REYNOLDS,	Mr. OULTON,
Mr. O'KEEFE,	Mr. PEARCE,
Mr. HOLCROFT,	Mr. WALDRON,
Mr. BOADEN,	Mr. CROSS,
Mr. MORTON,	Mr. HOLMAN,
Mr. COBB,	Mr. BENSON,
Mr. I. P. KEMBLE,	Mr. H. SIDDONS,
Mr. HARRIS,	Mr. HOOK,
Mr. LEWIS,	Mr. MACREADY,
Mr. DIVES,	Mr. ARNOLD,
Mr. COLMAN,	Mr. BIRCH,
Mr. BREWER,	Mr. WALTER, Junr.
Mr. JERNINGHAM,	Jew KING,
Major SCOTT,	&c. &c.

DEDICATED

TO

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

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THE CAP.

A SATIRIC POEM.

INCLUDING MOST OF THE DRAMATIC WRITERS

OF THE

PRESENT DAY.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

HOR.

Whatever contradicts good PETER's senses,
His faith discredits, and his soul incenses.

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poëta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quàm discere malo?*

HOR.

Why is he honour'd with an Author's name
Who neither knows, nor would observe, a rule?
Whom nought from pride and ign'rance can reclaim!
Who'll neither learn—nor own himself a fool!

1.7
1.9
1.5
1.5
1.5

THE CAP.

A LITURGIC POEM.

INCLUDING MOST OF THE DRAMATIC PART.

OF THE

REVEREND FATHER

THE REVEREND FATHER OF THE

WATERLOO CONTINGENT, AND HIS SON, INCHES.

THE REVEREND FATHER OF THE

WATERLOO CONTINGENT, AND HIS SON, INCHES.

PETER'S DEDICATION

TO

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

PLINY writeth of the poet STESICHORUS, that, when he was a child, a nightingale perched on his lips, and poured forth, in mellifluous notes, her plaintive lay, prognostic of his becoming a favourite of APOLLO. So much for TISIAS. Well, and hath not PETER's family been also the muses' care? Did not my cousin PINDAR, the lyric bard of Thebes, likewise receive, in his youth, an auspicious omen of future fame? Did not a swarm of bees settle on his lips, as he reposed on the grass, and there leave their honey combs? And hath not this prediction of endless celebrity been realised in his works?—and will it not extend its influence even unto mine? Dear, dear, I sorely apprehend that I have been talking of myself here, in a dedication I profess to write to another. Had I proceeded much further, I should likely have concluded the dedication to myself; and it had been as well perhaps, as no one would have considered the honour in so strong a light, or felt it more forcibly: but, as it is, I have yet space, and will, to pursue my original design. And thus shall PETER speak of RICHARD, as he, of himself, hath spoken.

From the loves of Cupid and Psyche, she, as Jove's forefate, bore twins—Youth and Joy. But thou alone, like Jove himself, hast given to the dramatic world—Wit, Humour, and Genius, the issue of thy brain. Yet, alas! like meteors, they have made their transient appearance in that world, and are now, it is fearfully supposed, for ever hidden from us in the frigid regions of politics: and we have only left us the sad remembrance that such things were once ours, and were most dear to us.

Wilt thou then still unkind conceal thy offspring from those, who look up to thee as the standard,—as the sole living master of the mimic scene; and from those whom thy long absence hath allowed to indulge in dull stupidity, and disgusting buffoonery, but whom thy presence would instantly put to flight and confusion? No, the

world of politics shall return thee to thy native element. Yes, PETER's muse shall lure thee back in soft seducing strains, and hail, in SHERIDAN, the purest wit; the strongest mind; and—fairest yet of all—the best of hearts.

To whom more consistently could such a work as this be presented, than to thyself? It comes to thee crying in every line, and sure will move thy soul to pity and assist.—It comes to thee in PETER's name, conjuring thee again to tread that path, for which thy fortune formed thee, and thy fame approved. It comes to thee from a Town, that hath long ceased to pray thee, and is now, almost

“ Hoarse in daring RICHARD to the field.”

If thou hast any love to spare, again pay thy court to the sportive nymph, with mask and crook; she wooeth thee to return, reclining on her column, carelefs of all, in thought of thee, her only hope.

And hift! she speaks: “ Nay, come my SHERIDAN, thy favourite muse rests all in thee! then come and be my shield—protect me from the ravages of dullness, insipidity, and folly. O! save me, yet save me, lest I follow my poor deserted sister, who is now expiring through sad neglect, or still more cruel ignorance.”

“ There is a tide, in the affairs of men,

“ Which taken at the full, leads on to fortune.”

That tide is thine; pursue it now, and

“ Sicut fortis equus, spatio qui sæpe supremo

“ Vicit Olympia, nunc senio conspectu' quiescit.”

TO THE READER.

THERE is, in our nature, a strong tendency to doubt the ability of others, and to believe ourselves, alone of the creation, infallible and oraculous. In no set of men is this disposition more prevalent, than in that which would fain be ranked under the title of dramatists.

The play-writers of the existing moment conceive themselves at liberty to ridicule the follies of all men; and though, in the act, they more eminently expose their own, yet do they, from some strange fancy, deem themselves sacred, invulnerable, and unliable to recrimination.

Without either learning or genius, wit or judgment, there are who dare that mazy path, that intricate labyrinth, in which none should venture while deprived of that combination of talent, which formeth the sole clue that can ever lead the dramatist safely through the various scene, to honour and success. But

“ The world is grown so bad,

“ That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.”

The drama has been brought to its present vitiated state by men, who, through interest, in defiance of merit, first gave it illicit laws, and gained to ribaldry and extravagance a precedence, even to the exclusion of common-sense.

The mind of man is too susceptible, and too easily takes the impression of bad example. And, however firmly Common-sense might have opposed the invasion of Folly, yet, when she obtained the least footing,

her opponent's dominion rapidly declined. Is it to be supposed that the powerful man will long continue to contend in the fight, with the emaculate and imbecile, if the latter, contrary to justice, meets with equal, if not greater, reward and promotion? No; he will either employ his powers in another direction, or, careless of fostering a prowess, for which he findeth no encouragement, degenerate to that state which he perceiveth so much more generally accepted and approved. Thus it is with dramatic writers; those, who are adequate to the task, seeing the preference given to men of the reverse description, become disgusted, and either give up the pursuit, or at length, (perhaps per force,) conform to the frivolous sentiment of the times.

While interest can command, from the managers of theatres, what merit can scarce hope for, we have but a sorry prospect of amendment.

HOMER telleth us, that

“ Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind.”

PETER, therefore, who hath made mighty powers tremble, now descendeth to correct this lowly herd: untainted with *malice prepense* to any one, he must be acquitted of the intention *to hurt*, though he is highly desirous that the shame which may take place in consequence of the following work, may greatly help and benefit mankind.

THE CAP.

A SATIRIC POEM.

DULLNESS avaunt ! let *Pope*, in lays divine,

Thy name invoke :---a nobler *Genius* mine ;

A *Genius* that pervades the living age,

(So mark'd for judgment, and so wond'rous sage.)

FOLLY her name ! an open, friendly creature ;

But man* ingrate, oft treats her with ill-nature,

And, base, disowns *his* first and foremost feature.

Dullness and *Folly* some may call the same,

But thinking so, they wrong the sprightly dame :

Dullness is moody, mopish, melancholy,---

While endless mirth and laughter 'tend on *Folly* :

* *Folly* experiences more ingratitude from mankind than any other deity ; for we may remark, that however lavishly and prodigally profuse she possesses us of her favours, hardly any of us have even the *gratitude* to acknowledge her bounty ; and not one in a thousand has the *grateful* honesty to own himself a fool.

Dullness is stupid!--learn ye then, from hence,

Folly's th' accepted substitute for sense;

Its representative, receiv'd by all!

Not more in *Parliament*, than in the *Hall*;

Not more in *Temple*, than on *College* ground;

Not more in *Players'* heads, than *Authors* found;

Unzon'd to all, all! all! her fame resound.

She comes; and hark her herald sounds aloud,

The great proclaim! and mark the distant crowd,

With hasty step, her standard strive to join,

And offer up their homage at her shrine.

She saw, applauding saw, and wav'd her hand,

In which a CAP she held:--the distant band

Soon ken'd the prize:--its tinkling bells they heard,

And onward press'd, to claim the proud reward.

With strides outstripping all, first BOADEN came,

With simple* looks, well favouring his claim.

* This gentleman's friends themselves will not hesitate to allow his qualification in this point.

His works produc'd---the *goddeſs* conn'd them o'er
 Infatiate ; and grinn'd, and *gap'd* for more :
 Exulting *Jem* to catch the moment knew,
 And from his pocket now ſome *critiques* drew !
 So ſure was he they'd fix his right, if read,---
 He really felt the CAP upon his head!---
 But ah ! alas ! uncertain's all below,
 And oft our cup of bliſs is daſh'd with woe.
 With greedy eye *ſhe* read---then ſudden broke,
 And thus the *merry** tragic-bard beſpoke :
 " O had thy *plays* but match'd thy *critiques*, here,
 " The CAP were thine !---thou'dſt been without thy peer !

* This epithet needs explanation. Mr. B. affects himſelf with the belief that his dramatic productions are not at all inferior to *Shakeſpeare's*. It does not ſignify how groſſly, or how largely, the flattery is dealt to him on that ſcore, " he has " ſtomach for it all." " To be ſure," he will ſay, " my plays have not that low " wit, and unappropriate pun, with which *BILLY's* abound ; but ſuch an omiſſion " I truſt will not operate to my prejudice." Hence then I call him the *merry tragic-bard*, from the mirth he creates when he is heard (and that ever) talking of his own works ; and not that his tragedies are only ſo by name, as it might have been conſtrued by thoſe who have not ſeen them, for they are as dull, proſaic, and gloomy as the moſt *melancholy ſoul* could deſire.

" The prize alone would BOADEN have deserv'd,
 " Which now for further search must be preserv'd :
 " Thy *plays* are charming, and thy *critiques* deep ;
 " At one we smile---at t'other, go to sleep!
 " Since *Dullness* guides, or *Folly* leads thy course,
 " The latter choose, nor fear of writing worse.
 " Thy *critiques** much I like, and hence decree,
 " That *Folly's* ORACLE shall BOADEN be;
 " Live then in hope," she said, " we'll favour thee."
 He now retir'd, with heart somewhat depress'd,
 But sighing, felt hope flutt'ring in his breast.

" Help, help, support there, help him to unload,
 " What wonder 'tis he died not on the road!"
 The goddesses cried, and hail'd O'KEEFE's approach,
 Then quick his budget she began to broach.---

* The goddess's partiality to, and repeated mention of, the *critiques*, are truly natural; nothing pleasing us so much in reading, as those passages in which we can, however slightly, discover dispositions tallying with our own; or trace, though never so remote, any likeness of ourselves.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, sev'n, eight, nine, ten,"

The goddess told, and then began again ;

Smil'd approbation, join'd with wonder's stare,

To find this mighty burthen—*light as air !*

Each play perus'd, as if in heav'n she'd been,

So pleas'd to see herself in ev'ry scene.

"Bravo !" she roar'd, and shook her sides with joy,*

Then call'd him son, her child, her dearest boy ;

Like Fortune† form'd, both sense and nature to destroy.

Here BOADEN trembled ; thought he'd lost the CAP ;

And surely would, but for one curs'd mishap :

"WILD OATS," the goddess saw, with angry frown,

"How now !" said she : "O'KEEFE, is this thy own ?

"Speak, quickly speak, my child, my anguish spare,

"Ah ! tell, how came these *oats* among thy *tare* ?"

With hesitation's falt'ring tongue, O'KEEFE

Now own'd, with many such was the belief ;

But hop'd *she* would forgive that fault, tho' striking,

If all *his* other works were to *her* liking :

* Joy, for laughter.

† Mr. O'KEEFE is blind.

And, more to prove "*Wild Oats*" was not his writing,
 OATLANDS* produced; (not of the Duke's inditing.)
 "Content," said she, "I thought I knew thee better;
 "O'KEEFE no common sense shall ever fether;
 "No, no, he scarce† can live who sense indites;
 "None thrive so well as he who *folly* writes.
 "Hence *Wisdom!* *Folly* now usurps thy place,
 "And guides with silken reins *the willing race!*"
 This said, (still more remain'd) again she fed,
 Satiety ensued:—she nods her head—
 Then reads—now nods, and when she scarce could peep,
 Came *Master COBB*, and sung *her* fast asleep.

Now gentle *Muse*, it rests with thee to seek,
 It rests with thee, their various worth to speak.

* A sad, prosaic *catch-shilling*, written by Mr. O'K. in honour of the DUCHESS OF YORK, in the form of a poem, spun out, by the means of a large type, wide lines, and a broad margin, into a shilling pamphlet. *This abuse he cannot say he learnt of PETER!!*

It has been hinted that this poem was written by the DUKE OF YORK, and that O'KEEFE lent his name to his *Royal Highness*, who has a very modest muse.

† *Folly* makes a very *wife* observation here.

Sleep, *Folly*, sleep; I'll tell, with honest care,
 Their merits and demerits as they are;
 Not aught in malice---aught that is not just---
 But as it is, and truth shall mark my trust.

See two appear, link'd, and for friendship fam'd,
 One *REYNOLDS is, the other MORTON nam'd.
 Though bad's his friend, FRED's principle is worse,
 For he can only love him for his purse:
 No plays he'd write, he says, but for the gain,
 But for his belly, TOM and *he* were twain.
 Welcome, however, precious stupid pair---
 Speak MORTON first:—thy †BOADEN love is here.

* We have often heard of consonance of disposition, and similarity of situation; mutual misfortune, and parallel prosperity, giving rise to friendship; but I believe this is the first time that ever a friendship was formed between two men, who only resembled each other in the *mutual misfortune of thick legs*.

† The source of the friendship subsisting between these two, is not so eccentric as the former; many becoming friends from no other *similarity of situation* than that of *thick heads*.

Then why those down-cast looks?---that trem'lous pause?

Shall HOLMAN* sweet, or BOADEN plead thy cause?

Alack! what ails the filly simp'ring zany?

(The CAP would surely fit thee well as any.)

But what's thy claim in the dramatic way?

"Zounds! TOM," said REYNOLDS, *jogging*, "speak away."

"I can't," cried TOM, "and yet it's very odd---

"I've been a rogue, FRED.---that's the truth, by G---."

"I know, I know, the *Isle of Wight*† to wit,

"Together there, we've often pick'd a bit.‡

"But mum," said REYNOLDS, "mum:---illicit aid

"Is sure a trait of folly (when betray'd.)

* Here is a friendship taking place in *consonance of disposition*:---*affectation*!

† "*Far from the busy hum of men,*" this amiable pair oft "*wanton in the summer sun,*" or "*staying o'er the verdant lawn,*" fatigued, "*on banks recline.*" Here while MORTON "*dares the rolling surge,*" "*sporting on the undulating wave,*" or walks the shore "*the inspiring gale to catch,*" and "*warble his wood-notes wild;*" REYNOLDS "*sits and wisely tells,*" or rather fore-tells over the profits of the three much longed-for nights. In plain English, here they go to *make* their plays.

‡ Mr. R. makes a very strange confession here; though I would believe he says it merely to hearten M. to speak; having formed great hopes of his success.

"Speak out then, what's your own, and whence you cull,

"And yet the CAP may grace your paper skull."

TOM bowing, cringing, scenting all the air,

Began and told how, when, he stole, and where;

From THELWALL,* BROOKE, and others, *out of date*,

But hop'd his own d----d nonsense would have weight.

* Mr. M. has lately been accused of stealing nearly the whole of BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa* to make his *Zorinski*; but

"Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,

"Defacing first, then claiming for his own."

This, however, seems to be no uncommon occurrence to him, Mr. THELWALL having also accused him of plunder; *Columbus* being previously written by Mr. T. under another title: in this instance the poet's lines are not inapplicable.

"Like that *small Wit* in modern comedy;

"Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purse,—

"Will pilfer *wretched plans*,—and make them worse."

The *nonchalance* with which Mr. M. met these accusations, speaks him an *old trader*. Such artifices in him are more excusable than they are in many others; since a man who wastes so much time in adorning the *out*, is not apt to employ much in furnishing the *inside* of his head.

I must not omit the following circumstance, though it is not my province, nor shall I pretend to adjudge the subject of contention to either party.

Miss HUGHES asserts that Messrs. HOLMAN and MORTON were three years writing *Columbus*; at which period it extended to the length of four plays, when she cor-

Then shew'd his gain,* to prove their want of sense,
 And pleaded BOADEN's† stuff as consequence.
 Here, then, he was dismiss'd, with this reproof,
 Hence, TOMMY, mind from stealing keep aloof:---
 BOADEN's no friend of thine, howe'er he prates,
 As "ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates:"
 Be honest, let each play be all thy own,
 And *Folly's* CAP thy toil will surely crown.

Now REYNOLDS pleaded hard how much he'd done,
 And but for BOADEN, he the CAP had won.

rected it for representation. All the *bombast* is HOLMAN's;—the *wit* is hers;—and what MORTON calls *the humour*, is claimed by him. Miss HUGHES says, she has many of the speeches which were spoken extempore by HOLMAN at four o'clock in the morning, after coming from the tavern. These, at the time, were thought exquisite, but few of them are reserved in the play.

* This, though adduced by Mr. BOADEN to establish *their worth*, is here much more honestly and probably applied.

† Mr. B. was Mr. M.'s champion in a controversy concerning *Zorinski*; but his confused, insipid attempts, rather marred, than made, the cause he, *perhaps*, intended to support.

He argued strong against JEM's ugly *Visen*,
 Saying, " Pray isn't my skull as thick as *his'n*?
 " But be it so, tho' HE and KEEFE's preferr'd,
 " In *Folly's* favour REYNOLDS ranks the third."
 " Hold, by *Saint Crispin*, hold," cried HOLCROFT, fierce,
 " That place I claim!" " And so do I," said PEARCE.
 How strange that they, whom reason ought to rule,
 Through life, strive which shall be the greatest fool!
 But for the *musse*, who kindly did assist 'em,
 HOLCROFT had just begun his *lev'ling system*,
 And aim'd a nasty blow at PEARCE---but miss'd him. }
 " Peace, THOMAS; peace republican, for once,
 " And let me tell which is the greater dunce."
 So spoke the *musse*:---nor THOMAS dar'd rebel,---
 A silence deep ensued,---but did not dwell:
 For, I, I, I, came flutt'ring INCHBALD---threat'ning too---
 There's nought that foolish woman will not do!
 " I, I, I will be heard!---these lords, these men indeed!
Wise woman best for *Folly's* CAP can plead."

Thus, fluttering and stammering, along
 She ran:---there is no end to woman's tongue!
 More had she said---the herald cut her short---
 "Your turn's not yet, ma'am:---pray ma'am quit the court."
 "I! I quit the court!--not I, you may depend,
 "While either tooth or nail my cause befriend!"
 Which way to stir her now none could devise,
 When up stepp'd THOMAS, and the *dame complies*.
 He whisper'd in her ear, I know not what,
 But mutt'ring something, soon she left the spot.
 Return we now to learn the fate of those
 To whom thy absence, INCHBALD, gave repose.
 The *Muse* began with HOLCROFT (*tough as leather*)
 "Thy works," said she, "are cobbl'd well together;
 "Yet, TOM, thy genius, take it *all in awl*,
 "Would shine no where so well as in a *stall*.
 "The proverb now, since folly's made thee great,
 "*Ne futor ultra crepidam*, I hate.

"Thy *beauteous face*,* in all thy works is seen,

"Thyself is introduc'd in ev'ry scene---

"I can no longer brook thy vanity;

"Retire! *Folly* prefers poor PEARCE to thee.

"And e'en to REYNOLDS, PEARCE shall be preferr'd,

"PEARCE shall be fourth---but COBB must be the third."

Next KEMBLE came, *I. P.* with brazen front,

Sure in his heart that *Lodoiska*'d done't.

Haughty and proud as hell, and so it runs

Through all his fam'ly---*father, daughters, sons.*

His play all outside shew, parade, procession;

Like JACK, no real worth had in possession.

Well WESTLEY† knew wherein its merit lay,

And sadly fear'd it never would repay;

But JACK, *Secundus* COLMAN's‡ manner notes,

And, *will ye nill ye*, crams it down our throats.

* Mr. HOLCROFT, with perhaps the harshest, and most unfavourable set of features, enjoys the most consummate opinion of his beauty.

† The treasurer.

‡ Mr. COLMAN has entitled himself COLMAN *the younger*, in imitation, no doubt, of the nephew of PLINIUS *Secundus*, who was called PLINY *the younger*. Mr.

Now GEORGE the *butterfly*, and JACK the *drone*,
 Dost favour other pieces, like thy own?
 No, no, how oft has thy proud envious spirit,
 Rejected those, whose *only fault* was merit!
 Proceed! play *comedy* with *tragic* *flare*,
 And when in *tragedy*, with arduous care,
 (As 'tis a theatre) *let's know we're there!**
 Write more, write more, let nought thy courage damp,
 Ne'er fear, thou'lt gain the CAP---till then DECAMP.

Speak of the dev'l! See COLMAN *Junior* comes,
 I know 'tis he, he smells so of perfumes:
 By other marks, also, he may be greeted;
 The creature scarce can walk he's so conceited.

HOLCROFT's conduct, in a particular point, may have been drawn from the same source; PLINIUS *Secundus* never stirring unaccompanied by his *Amanuensis*. These gentlemen may advance in support of their assumption, or presumption, the old proverb, saying, "*A cat may look at a king.*"

* Mr. KEMBLE makes use of too much trick ever to be natural; his over-studied action and emphasis are often disgusting.

Between the scenes thou'lt see him, hat in hand,
 To wait on GIBBS, and ruin little BLAND:
 Yes, ruin BLAND, I say, for reasons ample,
 And now, *poor thing*, she quotes thy high example.
O shame where is thy blush? an author thou!
 I'll tell thee GEORGE, some say, and some e'en vow,
 That thou hast cheated fame---I'll tell thee how.

Thy *father* must have had a store of plays,
 Some by bequest, obtain'd in various ways:
 Now strongly 'tis suspected---(should be known)
 That thou hast copied them, then call'd thy own
 The plays of men, alas, long dead and gone.
 "NEW HAY,"* *besprew me now*, would call it truth,
 And thou hast all the follies of thy youth;
 Art light---love drefs---art full of vain-pretence---
 Curse me, thou never wrot'st a line of sense!

* How much is the whole of this trash, like that which now and then intervenes
 in the *Battle of Hexham*, &c. &c.

The *Shakespearean* phrase adds doubt to doubt.

No, thou hast interlarded here and there,
 And where thy pen has fell, we see the scar;
New Hay's thy own, the rest we cannot spare.
 Give more such trash, and then prefer thy claim,
 And change for *Folly's* CAP, thy ill-got fame.

Hey day! who's here? sure some great imitator!
 Well done, ifaith, exact the ape to nature;
 Then up trip'd BREWER,* *pretty little* creature.
 "One Play---no more---*damn'd work* it is to write,"
 Said he, "My *work* was play'd and *damn'd*—one night!
 "Come, quick, the CAP produce, the prize resign,
 "'Tis" "Not more yours," said JERNINGHAM,† "than mine."
 "And why not mine?" cried BERRINGTON,‡ "pray why?"

* This gentlemen, of a *never happy* countenance, wrote a play, and called it "*how to be happy*." However *blessed* his intention might have been of teaching *John Bull* *how to be happy*, his mode of instruction was *damn—able*, as *John* proved.

† The WELCH HEIRESS being found to be a baggage not worth *two-pence*, was, as has happened heretofore, sent home to *her parents* after *the first night*.

‡ Mr. BERRINGTON translated a tragedy from the German, and called it *Emilia Galotti*; he is a man of erudition, but unacquainted with the drama; his tragedy struggled through a few nights,—then expired!

" 'Cause I was full as dull as thee," said PYE*.
 " *England Preserv'd*," shall match thee to the full,
 And WATSON† bear away the CAP from HULL.
 Hence *Dullness*! ANDREWS‡ shall for folly cater,
 And see the meteor comes, thro' "*fire and water*."
 Not only play, but under-writer he,
 And's great a ninny as you'd wish to see.
 He'll sell you *powder*, *plays*, and *prologues* too,
 (There's nought a fool, *with money*, cannot do.)
 On PETER, on, in spite of common sense---
 (MILES rides his hobby—at his own expence.)

The Citizen, Apprentice, Spouter, Lawyer,
 The Merchant, Barber, Taylor, Surgeon, Sawyer!§

* The poet-laureat also ventured a finger in the tragic-pie, but without being able to come at any of the fruit.

† Mr. WATSON's attempt even fell short of the two former.

‡ Mr. M. P. ANDREWS, vender of gunpowder, is the author of much trash. If he possesses any merit it is in writing *policies* (prologues I mean) which species of composition he calls his *hobby horse*: there is an insufferable sameness in them all.

§ It is necessary to paint in strong colours.

See all in MURPHY come---in ARTHUR shine---
 Who boasts more trades than DIBDIN e'er could join !
 Once *sans fix sours* were both---but now, we see
 They both, by *Folly's* aid, are *sans souci* !
 But 'las ! on MURPHY's brow the laurel fades---
 Why cease to write, thou man of many trades ?
 Why not proceed ? the CAP thine yet might be,
 Ere th' *undertaker* overtaketh thee.

But no---thou'rt older, and art wiser grown ;
 And CHARLEY DIBDIN's left to *hum* the town---
 " Whose greatest praise had been to live unknown."
 At once *he'll play* !---*he'll sing* !---and *then compose**
 His scanty audience into solemn dose.

CHARLES, " let not vanity like thine despair,
 " *Fortune* makes *Folly* her peculiar care,"---
 Shun *dullness*, and thy *folly*'ll bring to bear.

* In the *nasal accompaniment* which generally attended Mr. DIBDIN's performance of his *ode* on the *prince's marriage*, PETER joined one evening.

The egotism and vanity of this *ballad-maker* are truly disgusting and ridiculous. What little merit he has, (but what need a *ditty dribbler* possess,) is lost in the fulsome flattery he incessantly bestows on himself.

Next, farces' pride, came HOARE, that *prince of folly*;
 And "Heigho" WALDRON, but without his *Dolly*.^{*}
 Says HOARE, "'Tis *three to two*, but I've the *prize*,
 " TOPHAM'S no match for me in *Folly's eyes*.
 " HURLSTONE† and CROSS,‡ I own, are fools together---
 " DUDLEY a long ear'd *herald* of foul weather.
 " And if 'tis true, report should sometimes rule,
 " SCOTT fat to TOPHAM, when he drew '*the fool*.'
 " Not so with me, tho' fool enough I own,
 " To me§ what's feeling or what's virtue's frown?

* A name given by some to Mrs. HARLOWE, and by some to WALDRON himself.

† You may discover in this *author's face*, that he, like all other *great men*, has his *humours*; one of which it may not be improper to propound. When he is called upon at his house, by his most intimates, the servant is commissioned invariably to make this excuse for his non-attendance: " *Sir, my master is in his study writing, and cannot, must not, be disturbed for the world.*" In case the visit is important, he makes his appearance with the fag-end of a song in his hand, and half a scene of a play, which, before he will enter upon any business, he insists upon reading.—If the *same* person goes twenty times on *affairs of importance*, he will always have to go through *the same* song and scene.

‡ As *good* a writer as HURLSTONE, and as *bad* a player as any body.

§ Mr. HOARE has been guilty of an act, in his *Three and the Deuce*, which every moral law must spurn at; and which even *Folly* discountenances, and reprobates: to make *misfortune* the object of ridicule is below the meanest wit.

" I ' mirth with personal defects adorn,

" ' And hang *misfortunes* out to public scorn.' "

Thy plea is *princely*, HOARE, and thou'lt deserve

The CAP in time ; now *Folly's lash* must serve.

Here BENSON* came, of some, tho' little worth,

And Booby BIRCH†, so fam'd for making *broth* !

Then STEWART,‡ OULTON,§ ROSE,|| and MORRIS came,

Stupid alike :---OULTON's p'rhaps the strongest claim.

* Mr. BENSON is a man of amazing retentive faculties, playing, " *with all his imperfections on his head,*" in lieu of any absent hero, at the shortest notice. To excuse his writing, I shall say, I believe he does it for the want of something better to do.

† A most excellent *pastry-cook*—a most nonsensical writer.

‡ CHARLES STEWART, author of *Gretna Green*. This gentleman cares not for whom or about what he writes : his *ultimatum* is more to make money, than to acquire fame. He would prefer *one ounce* of the former to a *ton* of the latter.

§ W. C. OULTON, is a miserable scribbler. He wrote the *Haunted Tower* : luckily for the manager this *spectre* disappeared soon after the crowing of the cock of criticism, and his *theatre* was again attended as usual.

|| The reverend Mr. ROSE wrote two pieces for the little theatre, extremely heavy and stupid. He generally filled two boxes with his own family, who were so ridiculously forward in applauding his nonsense, that they kept the house in a continual roar, which his vanity attributed to the humour contained in the piece. This Rose of Sharon was nipped in the bud.

NOW SIDDONS*, ARNOLD†, HOOK‡, their suit enforce,
And each in due gradation worse and worse.

MACREADY§ next---then BILLY WALTER¶ fu'd,
(A greater fool than all that we have view'd.)
To wake and see such sprouts of promise here,
Sweet simple set, how 'twill *thy* goddess cheer!

Who yonder comes in meditation deep?
('Tis well for thee that *Folly* is asleep.)

* A *simple* writer.

† A *bad* writer.

Before the unfortunate appearance of "*Who pays the Reckoning*," young ARNOLD was believed to be high in LEAKE's calendar, but as she is too pure and *heavenly* to connect herself with the *darned*, she has transposed her affections, it is said, to CHARLES KEMBLE: if so, what she will lose in *head*, will be made up to her in *legs*.

‡ A *sorry* writer.

§ An in-comparable player and writer.

¶ Known better, perhaps, under the title of *young Log*, son of *old Log*; the whole family very well known to Mr. HARRIS, and Mr. KEMBLE, from the frequent visits with which *old Log*, *young Log*, the *Miss Logs*, and their *relations*, right and left, honour *their two houses*.

Does not know an adverb from an adjective.

H

Hail CUMBERLAND! the muse shall soar with thee!
 In spite of faults,* immortal shalt thou be.---
 Thy *Jew*, *West Indian*, *Wheel of Fortune*, know,
 Shall form a laurel wreath to grace thy brow.
 Let HOLCROFT rob† thy works, the praise is thine---
 Glory on thee---on him the shame shall shine:
 But for thy aid *deserted* had he been---
 Had not thy spirit, rais'd his vulgar scene.
 His language mean and low, and sadly trite---
 E'er harsh and coarse in all he strives to write.
 How diff'rent thou, whate'er thou writ'st, and when,
 Still beauties flow spontaneous from thy pen;
 Still fairest flowers mark thy works supreme,
 And dulcet diction owns thee at th' extreme.

* Mr. CUMBERLAND has introduced more or less frivolity in all his pieces; though I am willing to attribute this, in him, rather in conformity to the vitiated taste of the age, than consonant with his ideas of propriety.

† The plot of the *Deserted Daughter*, is taken by wholesale from Mr. CUMBERLAND's *Fashionable Lover*.

The character of LAURA, the *Lavaterist*, is well drawn in Dr. MOORE's *ZELUCO*: Mr. H. has introduced it in his *Deserted Daughter* without effect, but not without disgust.

Yes, long, long thou, and RICHARDSON shall live,
 Firm fix'd is thine---his fame no *fugitive*!
 Together JEPHSON *thou'lt*, and GREATHEAD foar,
 The great dramatic *regents* of thy hour.
 Though MURPHY, REYNOLDS, HOLCROFT, time deface,
 Thy names shall blaze---thy country's annals grace.

For thee long would the *mause* employ her lays;
 Thy faults forget---thou hast so much to praise---
 But hark! the storm begins! prepare, prepare!--
 It blows this way, enough the dev'l to scare,
Chit, chat, chit, chat, O! what a thund'ring din!
 Now peace farewell! Good *herald* let them in.
 In COWLEY, INCHBALD, and Miss BURNEY flounce,
 Then *Gen'ral* PER,* and all begin at once.
 "Your diff'rent merits thus can ne'er be tried,"
 The herald said, and "silence! silence!" cried:

* This is a liberty of *Apollo's* grant, but which it is right I should explain:
 whenever I make use of the epithets, *Per*, *Nobody*, *the General*, or *the Member*, Mrs.
 ROBINSON may be understood.

But this, as they were women he address'd,
 He spoke with all the softness he possess'd.
 Not softer speaks PIOZZI (*when she's pleas'd,*)
 Nor pretty GOOCH, by faucy tradesmen teaz'd,
 Nor Lord MOUNTMORRES, when he's ask'd to dine,
 Nor hackney coachmen, when the weather's fine;
 Nor hair-brain'd LEWIS, when he humbugs DIVES,
 Nor modern husbands when you kiss their wives;
 Nor LITCHFIELD,* when to WOODFALL he's preferr'd,
 (Who ne'er, to hear my thoughts, his thoughts deferr'd)
 Nor Toulon MULGRAVE, when you laud his trash,
 Nor KING, the Jew, when pocketing your cash.

* Mr. L. is a young gentleman, who, under the feigned signature of *Pollio*, writes the *theatrical critiques* in the *Morning Advertiser*. Why he assumed the name of the *Roman consul* is not easily to be devised, since he is not likely either to *celebrate*, or be *celebrated*. Time will probably explain his motive, saying, "That as none of ASINIUS POLLIO's writings remain, so are all Mr. LITCHFIELD's lost:" here the similitude will hold good. The meanest critique, on a new piece, appearing the ensuing day, has more merit, in my esteem, than one of much greater excellence produced after its second representation. A man, from the account given of a new play in the morning papers, may, with a trifling knowledge, and that only *in words*, write a very acute, and *novel* critique on it, for the following day.

But no---no silence did his care repay,
*Wise women** never common sense obey---
 Therefore---he let the devil have his way.

Now loudly ROBINSON her suit preferr'd :---
 Long INCHBALD strove, but could not speak a word!
 At length, as if by magic art, or spell,
 Her tongue she found---and faith she us'd it well!!
 Nor BURNEY, was she missing in the fray :---
 'Fore all though, *little COWLEY*, " *Runaway*,"

* It may almost always be observed that when women do possess *any sense of a superior quality*, that they ever want *the same quantity of common sense* to put it to a wise purpose; whence the poet talking of women:

" Just wanting what would serve them most,
 " Their little sense, expos'd, is lost."

Dean SWIFT's observation is very just.

" Fine sense, and exalted sense," says he, " are not half so useful to them as
 " common sense."

How beautifully MILTON depicts the excellence of woman, in the following lines:

" To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd,
 " My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
 " Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains;
 " God is thy law, thou mine; *to know no more*
 " *Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.*"

By much she fastest spoke: yet one spoke louder---

The *General*, I mean—who spoke *to order*.

“The CAP,” said PER, “I swear’s my right; I crave it—

“You swear!” cried COWLEY, “*Dam’me* ma’am I’ll have it!”

Hush! hush my *musse*!---art sure thou dost not err?

Did COWLEY?—no: ’twas anger swore---not her.

“I, I, *I tell you what*,” said INCHBALD, (filly dame)

“The *trusty Thomas* tells me, great’s my claim.”

“What’s HOLCROFT,” PER exclaim’d, “to TAYLOR* ma’am?

“Who cheers my breast with adulation’s balm:

* Mrs. ROBINSON gets her friend, Mr. TAYLOR, to revise her productions, who adds milk to water.

Mr. TAYLOR has recently published a volume of *flip-flop*, in the title page of which he takes for his motto this line from POPE:

“I left no calling for this idle trade”—

“None being blind enough to ask my aid,”

has been I think added with great propriety; he being by *calling* an oculist, but none venturing to *call* his *calling* into practice, he perhaps truly *calls* it none.

Talkativeness is usually named a feminine vice; but where TAYLOR forms one of the company, it is as hard to wedge in a word as at any female gossiping. The following sentence applies admirably to JACK: “As men of sense say a great deal in few words; so the *half-witted* have a talent of talking much, and yet say nothing.”

JACK is a man, who, welcome or unwelcome, shoves *himself and glass* into every company; who, *like a daw*, hops at every butterfly he sees; and, like a parrot, retails the utmost of his shallow wit and understanding in every ear he meets.

" Who says I rival e'en the *Mantuan* fwain !"

" *Mantua*," cried COWLEY, " ma'am ?---explain ! explain !

" That's personal, by G-- !---Tho' if you mean

" You'd rival me, I'd have you ma'am to know

" (Though you can't write so well as you can sew)*

" That I have been a *Mantua* maker :---so

" Let *your impudence* be ne'er so great,

" *I am a match for you*, at any rate !"

" Don't spare her, PER," some one was heard to bawl,
When *Margate's pride* shone full upon us all.

" I come !—I come !—dispute my claim who durst !"

" That's very rude," said BURNEY :† " I came first."

" Go child ! thy dullness' but a sorry plea :

" Can *Lady WALLACE* yield the CAP to thee ?

" When PER, e'en PER, is *Nobody* to me ?

" No,---though she writes sad nonsense full enough,

" And COWLEY plenty of dull stupid *stuff*,

* She must be a sorry work-woman then !

† Miss BURNEY wrote *Edwin and Elgiva*, a tragedy of a truly comic cast. It was damned : Mrs. ROBINSON says, " *NOBODY went after it.*"

“ And INCHbald many an indecent *tale*---* ”

“ Yet what’s all that, when *mine’s* thrown in the scale ? ”

Now INCHBALD, angry, call’d her brazen gipsy ! †
And COWLEY swore her ladyship was tipsy !

“ Hush, hush ! such language ! shame ! ” said BURNEY, “ fie ! ” }

“ I know she tipples, ma’am, as well as I ! ” }

Roar’d Lady WALLACE. Here words ran so high }

That sudden FOLLY ‡ ’woke !---and all was hush’d ! }

A blaze appear’d !---throughout the court it rush’d— }

Some say (I doubt it much) that WALLACE blush’d !! }

Deep silence reign’d !

Nay, e’en the *Member’s* tongue no *motion made*,

While expectation in each visage play’d.

* “ *Every one has his fault* ” to be sure, Mrs. INCHBALD has that of being too much addicted to luscious similes and descriptions.

† No accounting for what people will say in a passion.

‡ It is wonderful how *she* slept so long !

Now as the goddeſs read the minutes o'er,
 Around her throne her ardent vot'ries pour,
 With anxious looks---when there were miſſing four.
 CUMBERLAND, who her aid had long forſworn,
 With JEPHSON, GREATHEAD, RICHARDSON, was gone.
 This ſeeing, ſhe, with anger, ſeiz'd her roll,
 And blotted them for ever from the ſcroll.
 Then all her wonted gaiety reſum'd,
 And, ſmiling round, each countenance illum'd.
 " Approach *my* children, and thy goddeſs hear,"
 She cried :---the throng approach'd with hope and fear.
 Firſt BOADEN! (ever firſt) O'KEEFE! and COBB!
 PEARCE! REYNOLDS! and then ANDREWS ſhew'd his nob!
 Next HOARE! and KEMBLE!---DIBDIN!---HOLCROFT, then!
 Were beſt receiv'd, and form'd her choſen ten.
 They knelt :---the goddeſs now her CAP extends,
 And thus addreſs'd her numerous friends.
 " All welcome here!---thy labours I approve,
 " And all be ſure participate *our* love.

" Proceed, write on, preserve thy present strain,
 " Nor fear, some *future prize* such toil must gain.
 " But now, this CAP I hope none here'll repine,
 " That I, (tho' all deserve) for one design---
 " Rise, BOADEN, rise, *my child, the prize* is thine!!
 " *The prize*, contending thousands would have won,
 " To thee's decreed, my darling, darling son."

Through every breast conviction shot a ray,
 And even envy's self now died away.
 The concave loud with roaring plaudits rang,
 And all the favourite's right and praises sang.
 " When FOLLY'S CAP her BOADEN'S temples crown,
 " Though strong *our* claim, we all *her* justice own."

And now, as erst in *Pandemonium* those---
 A throne on either side the goddess rose:
 On one, in triumph BOADEN proudly great,
 Sat CAP'D in all the honours of his state.*

* This exaltation JEMMY may have been supposed to have prophecied in these words, which his friends have often heard him utter; " That if HARRIS gave him

The other empty had not long remain'd,
When its intent the goddess thus explain'd.

" proper encouragement he had no doubt but in a short time he should give BILLY
" (SHAKSPEARE) *the go by.*"

The presumption of Mr. B. is without parallel, as the preceding declaration may shew : but the most ignorant are ever the most conceited. The miserable nonsense written by Mr. B. and foisted on the public in the Oracle, for several days, as extracts from SHAKSPEARE'S *Vortigern and Rowena* is a further proof of the weakness of the man. He really thinks he can, at any time, write as well as SHAKSPEARE, and nothing will convince him of the contrary ; for, as a certain author somewhere says, " Of all sorts of affectation, that which is most incurable is the " affectation of wisdom ; because the disease is in the remedy itself, and falls upon " reason, which only could and ought to cure it, if it were any where else." *And such is his!*

ZOILUS, who had compiled many books censuring the writings of HOMER, being afterwards reduced to want, came to beg relief of PTOLEMY, king of Egypt.—PTOLEMY'S reproof on this occasion might well apply to Mr. B. who ranks his plays above any SHAKSPEARE ever wrote : " What!" said he, " have the works " of { SHAKSPEARE, after his having been so many years in his grave, been able to " { HOMER, maintain millions of men ; and cannot you, who pretend yourself a greater wit " than he, by your writings maintain one?" *Such again, in reality, is poor BOADEN'S case ;* but nothing can undeceive him ; and indeed it were a pity to do it, if one could, for it would be only leaving him to exclaim with SOMERVILLE'S *happy lunatic*, whom an officious doctor, his friend, brought to his senses :

" Curse on thy dirty pills, and thee,"
Reply'd the man : " Ah! to my cost
" I'm cur'd ; but where's the heav'n I've lost ?

Some favour now must mark the debt I owe---

So much in my esteem these women grow.

By nature form'd (but they scorn all her rules)

Not here to make themselves but others fools.

Then surely I, with gratitude, must see

That almost all *have wrote* their way to me.

Thanks WALLACE, COWLEY thanks, and INCHBALD too,

and ROBINSON and BURNEY thanks to you.

But nearest to *our* heart, my WALLACE* come,

Sound, *herald*, sound, and beat the martial drum,

Let laughter reign, let music rend the air,

"Be Iō's sung to celebrate the pair,

"And let fantastic dance, *our* throne enclose,

"*Our* BYRNE, *our* D'EGVILLE come, and shake their toes.

"Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,

"Who'd barter Paradise for sense?"

"Cur'd of my frenzy,—stript of my disguise,

"Convinc'd, alas! and miserably wife."

It is by this partiality to her *ladyship*, that *Folly* is a rank aristocrat.

Mrs. COWLEY, and Mrs. INCHBALD, having all written more

with equal claim to attention; but, I don't

ever show a strange predilection for *family and fortune*.